THE BEE.

Terms, $200 per year.

Our Liberties we Prize and our Rights we will Maintain.

5 cents per copy

VOL. II. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884. NO. 32.

A Landscape in the Land of Fire.

A remarkable landscape it is; picturesque beyond description, and altogether unlike the idea generally entertained of Fuegian scenery. That portion of it which an artist would term the "foreground" is a cove, which is shaped somewhat like the shoe of a mule—running about a hundred yards into the land, while less than fifty feet across the mouth. Its shores, rising abruptly from the beach, are wooded all around with a thick forest, which covers the steep sides of the encircling hills as far as can be seen. The trees, tall and grand, are of three kinds, almost peculiar to Tierra del Fuego. One is a true beech; another, as much birch as beech; the third, an aromatic evergreen of world-wide celebrity, the "Winter's-bark." But there is also a growth of buried underwood, consisting of arbutus, barberry, fuchsias, flowering currants, and a singular fern, also occurring in the island of Juan Fernandez and resembling the zamia of Australia.

The sea-arm on which the cove opens is but little over a mile in width; its opposite shore being a sheer cliff, rising hundreds of feet above the water, and indented here and there by deep gorges with thickly wooded sides. Above the cliff's crest the slope continues on upward to a mountain ridge of many peaks, one of them a grand cone towering thousands of feet above all the others. That is Mount Darwin, wrapped in a mantle of never melting snow. Along the intermediate space between the cliff's crest and the snow-line is a belt of woodland, interscected by what might be taken for streams of water, were it not for their color. But they are too blue, too noiseless, to be water. Yet, in a way, they are water, for they are glaciers; some of them abutting upon the sea-arm, and filling up the gorges that open upon it, with facades as precipitous as that of the cliff itself. There are streams of water also which proceed from the melting of the snow above; cataracts that spout out from the wooded sides of the ravines, their glistening sheen vividly conspicuous amid the greenery of the trees. Two of these curving jets, projected from walls of verdure on opposite sides of a gorge, meet midway and, mingling, fall thence perpendicularly down; changing, long ere they reach the water below, to a column of white spray.

Little would one expect to find parrots and humming-birds in that high latitude; yet a flock of the former chatter in the evergreens, feeding on the berries of the winter's-bark; while numbers of the latter are seen, flitting to and fro or poised on whirring wings before the bell-shaped blossoms of the fuchsias.

Night comes on, but not darkness with it. Still another wonder is revealed—the long continuance of twilight; the strange phenomenon being due to the fact that the sun, for some time after it has sunk below the horizon, continues to shine on the glistening ice of the glaciers and the snow of the mountain summits, thus producing a weird reflection in the heavens, somewhat resembling the aurora borealis!—*St. Nicholas.*

Facts About Digestion.

Jessen has carried out a series of experiments to determine the time necessary for the digestion of equal quantities of different meats and of milk. Three different methods were employed in the investigation: 1. Artificial digestion; 2. Introduction of the meats into the stomach of a living dog, by means of a fistula; 3. Upon a healthy man, allowing him to swallow the foods used, and ascertaining the time of digestion by means of a stomach pump. The results obtained by the different methods were, on the whole, uniform, as far as the relative time necessary for digestion in each case was concerned, and may be stated as follows: Raw beef and mutton were digested most quickly; for half-boiled beef and raw veal, a longer time is necessary; thoroughly boiled and half-roasted beef, raw pork and sour cow's milk followed next; fresh cow's milk, skimmed milk and goat's milk were still less easily digested; while the longest time was required for thoroughly roasted meats and boiled milk.

Cold wether—A dead ram.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who 's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who 's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say:
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

Golden Days.

A Loving Mother Monkey.

The servant of a medical gentleman who was some time in India caught a young monkey, and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her baby that she never ceased uttering a piteous cry, night and day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor, at length tired out with the constant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal happily retired, and sped its way to the community to which it belonged. Here however, she found she could not be received. She and her baby had lost caste, and, like the hunted deer, were beaten and rejected by the flock.

A few days after, our medical friend was astonished to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with her. She entered the tent of her own accord, apparently very much exhausted, and having deposited her young one, she then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid herself down and died. The body of the poor animal was found in a most emaciated state, and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that she had been terribly maltreated by her comrades, and, finding no safety for herself or her offspring, returned the little one into the care of those who were the cause of her misfortunes.—*Young People.*

In colonial times before the establishment of stage coaches, travelers between Boston and Philadelphia usually performed the journey on horseback. Benjamin Franklin was fond of this mode of conveyance, and while on his way to visit his native city, bought a fine black horse, which had once belonged to a Connecticut minister.

He happened on his journey to pass near the house of another clergyman, an intimate friend of the former owner. The house stood at the end of a long lane. As the horse came to the lane he instantly wheeled into it. Franklin sought in vain to turn him back into the main road.

He then loosed the rein, and the horse swiftly galloped to the house. The family came out, the clergyman leading and bowing courteously. Franklin raised his hat and said:

"I am Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, I am travelling to Boston, and my horse seems to have some business with you, as he insisted on coming to your house."

"Oh," replied the clergyman, smiling, "that horse has often been here before. Pray alight, and come in and lodge with us to-night."

The invitation was frankly accepted, and a delightful evening followed. A friendship was formed for life; and Franklin never passed that way without a cordial welcome. He often said he was the only man who was introduced by his horse.

Too Many Dogs Spoil the Coat.

The instinct of Newfoundland dogs to save a drowning person has been somewhat painfully tested by an unlucky Frenchman. He was walking in the country with a friend who possessed a magnificent Newfoundland, and incautiously questioned the truth of the animal's sagacity. The dog's master, vexed at the slur cast on his favorite, gave his friend a push and knocked him into the shallow river. Turk immediately sprang in, and seizing one of the tails of the immersed man's coat, commenced to swim for land. Unfortunately, another Newfoundland, trotting along the other side of the river, saw the affair, and also came to the rescue. Dog number two seized the other tail of the coat and wished to swim to his master. Turk held fast and struggled for his side, and the owner of the coat cried in vain for help. At last the coat gave way and each Newfoundland swam proudly home with a piece of cloth in his mouth, so that Turk's master was obliged to plunge in himself to save his friend.

EATING POISON IN COURT.

A Lawyer's Famous Defence of a Murderess—A Correct Version.

Forty years ago Col. John Van Arman, the famous criminal lawyer of Chicago, ate a poisoned biscuit before a Michigan jury, and by that act secured the acquittal of a woman charged with attempting to murder her husband. From that time until now the story of the poisoned biscuit has been told throughout the Northwest many hundreds of times by lawyers and others, but it has seldom been told correctly. So far as known, the true version has never appeared in print. Since the incorrect story of the matter has received such wide circulation, a reliable narrative of the incident will doubtless prove readable to many.

Somewhere between the years of 1840 and 1845 the wife of a farmer of Hillsdale county, Mich., baked some biscuits one Sunday morning and then went to church, leaving her husband to take dinner alone. As he sat down to his meal, however, a young farm laborer came to the house and joined him at his repast. Each ate of the newly-baked biscuits, but quickly found them unpalatable and put them aside. Neither one had eaten more than half a biscuit. Both were soon taken violently ill and displayed strong symptoms of arsenical poisoning. The young man recovered from his sickness after some days of intense suffering, but the farmer lingered in a dying condition for more than a year, and finally expired.

Sixteen years before this time the farmer had married his wife for her money. She brought him $3,000. He purchased a farm with this amount, and in a few years he became quite forehanded. His greatest enjoyment, apparently, was to annoy his wife in every conceivable manner. His favorite amusement was to pull their little child out of bed in the night and beat it cruelly. They finally concluded to obtain a divorce from each other. The farmer agreed to give his wife a lien on his property for $1,600 for the support of herself and child. The mortgage was made out and placed in a lawyer's hands to await the divorce. The wife, in consideration of the mortgage, signed a quitclaim deed to all her husband's property. On the eve of the granting of the divorce she secured the mortgage and destroyed it, intending to put the deed on record after the divorce was granted. His wife discovered the cheat and stopped the divorce proceedings. She then deliberately planned to kill her husband. She sought a reconciliation and went back to live with him. One day she disguised herself in male attire, went to Hinsdale and purchased a quantity of arsenic. This she mixed in a batch of biscuits and left them for her husband to eat.

In a short time she was arrested. By law the woman could not be tried for murder because her husband lived more than a year after he was poisoned. She was indicted for poisoning, and put on trial in Hillsdale. Mr. Van Arman, then a young man with a law office in Marshall, Mich., defended her. A young French chemist from Detroit testified against the accused. He was the only chemist that Detroit afforded, and he was a very incompetent one. This young man swore to the jury that he had analyzed several of the biscuits which the prisoner had made for her husband's eating, and had found they contained arsenic. From his quantitative analysis he swore positively that the husband had swallowed less than a grain of arsenic. The chemist further swore that a grain of arsenic was a deadly dose, and that even less might be fatal.

There were no railroads in Michigan at that early day, and there was not another chemist nearer than Chicago. Mr. Van Aramn, who had studied chemistry in his youth, and had even delivered lectures on the subject, plainly saw that the Frenchman's testimony was woefully incorrect. Mr. Van Arman contended before the jury, that a grain of arsenic was only a medicinal dose and that the defendant's husband, therefore, must have become fatally ill through some other agency than poison in the biscuits. He could produce no expert testimony to substantiate his theory because no experts were within reach. Knowing that a grain of arsenic would not seriously affect the human system, he caused a number of biscuits to be baked by a physician of the town, each of them containing a grain of the deadly substance. Fortunately for his client, there were none of the original biscuits to be had, and the jury could not murmur against the substitution of new ones.

Having proved by the physicians who made them that the biscuits were properly poisoned, Mr. Van Arman near the beginning of his closing argument, gracefully ate one of them before the jury and continued to address them. He remained in their sight for several hours, and took pains to show them that he swallowed no antidote. The grain of arsenic produced no ill effects on him. The prosecuting lawyer could not argue away the plain fact of the harmless, though poisoned, biscuit which the jury had seen eaten. When the case was given to them they very promptly acquitted the prisoner.

The truth regarding the biscuits of which the farmer partook was, that they contained four or five times as much arsenic as the young chemist swore they did.

The commonly-accepted version of this famous story has always been that Mr. Van Arman ate one of the original poisoned biscuits just as he closed his final argument, and that, after making his bow to the jury, he hastened out of the court room and swallowed a vast quantity of emetics as soon as the door closed behind him. This incorrect story is said to quite annoying to Mr. Van Arman, as it represents him resorting to a disgraceful trick to secure the acquittal of his client.

Dutch Houses.

The foundation of a building in Holland is commenced by digging out the earth to a depth of two or three feet. The excavation thus made almost immediately fills with water, which is a proof of the aqueous nature of the Dutch soil, and would present dreadful visions of rheumatism and ague to the minds of most Americans. Hollanders have no such fears, and frequently take up their residence in a new house as soon as the roof is on and the glass in the window-frames, without a thought as to the dampness of floors and walls. It has been facetiously asserted that Dutch children are born web-footed; but, joking apart, Netherlanders may be said to be almost amphibious in their nature.

The next operation is to drive piles—the straightest that can be procured—thirty or forty feet into the ground, side by side, a few inches apart, in the lines marked out for the walls. These are forced perpendicularly into the earth by a powerful steam-hammer, or by repeated blows from a heavy weight, alternately raised and lowered by means of a pulley and ropes, worked by a gang of twenty or thirty laborers. When the piles are driven in, the ones remaining above the ground are cut off level with each other, and horizontal beams of oak are laid over them.

The building itself is then commenced by placing the bricks on the foundation thus prepared. The back and front of the house are never built until the roof is on, in order that a free current of air passing through may cause the inner and side walls to set more firmly, and dry quicker. When the building is completed, coarse canvas, stretched on wooden frames, is fitted against the walls, and upon this the paper is pasted; so that no matter how damp the brick work behind may be, the result is an appearance of dryness, which is often very delusive. Small tiles, instead of slates, are used for the roofs, and the internal and external decorations are completed with much taste. In at least one important respect, in the arrangement of their houses, the Dutch differ greatly from the English.

In Holland the kitchens are generally in front; and as the windows face the street, it affords unlimited opportunities for the cook and housemaid to carry on flirtations with their male admirers—a facility of which they are by no means slow to avail themselves.

Many of the Dutch houses are far more elaborrtely ornamented inside than those of modern construction. In some of them you may see spacious entrance halls of white marble, broad staircases of dark polished oak, doors of shining mahogany, ceilings and walls beautifully painted with figures, fruit, and flowers, and mirrors with exquisitely carved frames permanently fixed over the fire places. Even the charitable institutions and poor houses in Holland are very different to the plain unadorned buildings often used in England as refuges for the unfortunate and destitute, many of them being structures of considerable architectural beauty, while in their management the Dutch are very successful.

Origin of Skating.

To an enquiring correspondent, the *Continent* replies, that skating probably originated among the Scandinavians, who long ago used skates made of bone. Skates of this material have been found in England. Iron skates are supposed to be a Dutch invention, and a letter was recently published claiming that one Thomas King introduced the art into England in 1790. If this is true at all, it probably refers merely to the introduction of iron or steel skates.

The Model Wife.

My good wife is knittin', and 'you'l plays the kitten,
The yellow bird carols above.
But she heeds not the charmer, the snarl don't alarm her:
Her thoughts are on me and of love
Her smile so bewitchin' lig te parlor and kitchen,
For she's sunshine both upstairs and down;
All bus'ling and busy, is Bonnibelle Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

She's too true to her labors to gossip with neighbors,
With a greeting she passes them all;
And the women that always are whisperin' in hallways,
She shuns, for their talk is too small;
With affairs of Miss Prattle, and Dame Grundy's tattle,
With the names of poor Jones, Smith or Brown,
Coining mischief they're busy; but not so with Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

When her tins, a bright line in, like silver are shinin',
And the kett'e is singin' for tea,
You'll find her a sittin', and quietly knittin',
Awaitin' the comin' of me;
And the thoughts so beguilin', her dimples go smilin',
TLe plump rosy cheeks up and down;
Still her fingers are busy, no dreamer is Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

When I finish my daily long tasks, I sing gaily,
"From the toil of the bench, love, I'm free!"
Though the stars twinkle o'er me, my heart flies before me,
To her who is watchin' for me.
I steal in behind her, with strong hands I bind her,
My queen of the calico gown;
The little hands busy, I clasp and kiss Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

—*Leonard Wheeler,*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

No matter how high everything else is, one may always get a bottle of perfumery for a scent.

A man may court an investigation; but courting a girl is far more preferable.—*Chicago Telegram.*

A baker advertising that his bread was "hard to beat" was disgusted when the printer made it "hard to eat."

Hand organs are often accompanied by two cranks—one on the end, and the other standing behind.—*Boston Times.*

Dr. H. C. Wood recently lectured in Philadelphia on "Why Doctors Exist." Probably the fact that they carefully avoid taking their own medicine may have something to do with it.—*Siftings.*

At a recent ball in Forrestville a new figure was introduced, which cause quite a sensation. It was the figure of an irate parent who took his son by the ear and waltzed him out of the ball-room in a quick-step movement.—*Norristown Herald.*

Philadelphia has a young lady of twenty years who weighs 532 pounds, and Boston has a young man whose arms each measure over five feet in length. These people seem to have been constructed by a wise Providence purposely for each other, and some means should be employed to bring them together.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Appleboy, who was visiting Mrs. Pringle. "I'm not a bit cold; it is quite comfortable here." Isn't it funny, mamma!" exclaimed little Edith. "That's just what you said the last time you were here; and when we got out, don't you remember you said you were almost frozen to death, and you guessed that you would not come here again, where they were too mean to keep a fire?" There was instantly fire enough in the faces of Mesdames Appleboy and Pringle to warm half a dozen rooms.

Always Nipping.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare you will do some absurd thing, she finds some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of the common sense there is in the world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those things which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange-peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricities of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots pared away—in married men. Wives have generally more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.